HE TALKS TO THE FARMERS

A Good Roasting and a Basting for the Thriftless.

Us Texas farmers are mostly dadgum fools. Of course they's a heap uv 'em that's got ord'nary sense, but mostly we're dadgum fools in a heap uv ways. Not all the fools are farmers, and not quite all the farmers are fools, but the exception jist goes to prove th' rule. An ef any uv 'em jumps into Uncle Josh, understand this talk don't go—he's the exception that I'm talkin' about.

We're fools in a heap of difrunt ways. We're fools about what we raise an' how we raise it. We're fools about what we buy an' how we buy it. We're fools about how we sell our stuff, an' then, by Sal, we're all dadgum fools for thinkin' we're so gol darn smart, when we aint.

We air Dimmycrats like our daddies wuz; we air Pops because we hev long whiskers; we air Republicans 'cause we want to boss th' nigger an' git the offices, or we air Socialists 'cause we want to go cahoots with the feller thet's got more'n we got, an' we're all fools together.

We plant cohn on one side uv the field and cotton on the other, 'cause it's allus been planted thataway, an' we can't learn no difrunt. We wont plant nothin' else 'cause we don't know how to take care uv enny crop that we can't jist plant an' then turn over to th' good Lord to do th' rest an' we're too dadgum big fools to learn. That is, some uv us, ye understand. Don't furgit they is always exceptions.

Yer Uncle Josh is agoin' to try somethin' else this year ef he caint figger out nothin' better'n popcorn an' goobers. Wuz a talkin' to another ole hay seed tother day, tryin' to git him to put in a pump an' a crop uv onions an' irrygate frum the river. Explained th' who dadgum thing to him, that he could make more offen ten acres than he'd bin makin' offen 200. Like to a scared him to death. He begin to edge off—thought Uncle Josh wuz locoed.

"Good Lord, man, what in the Sam Pat would I do with the rest uv my land?" he sez.

"Jist let it rest," sez I, "land can stand a heap uv rest. It ain't like folks—folks can get too much rest as it is."

"Then sposen," he sez, "sposen I raised ez big a crop uv onions ez you say, what in thunder would I do with 'em? That's more'n the whole world would eat in forty year!"

'Taint no use a argyin' with a dadgum fool like that. He reminds me uv the fellow I met in refugin' from Kansas. Had a ole lunchpin waggin full o' white-headed kids, all with their heads stuck out frum under the waggin sheet. He wuz a sittin' in a hickry chair a drivin' a ole bob-tailed, one-eyed mare, an' a meek an' discouraged lookin' ole lop-eared mule, with one ear a pintin' to the future an' tother to the past.

"Hello stranger," sez I, "whar ye frum?"

"Frum Kansas, pore ole bleedin' Kansas," he sez, "bin out there three years an' haint got my seed back. Fust year put in sod corn. Didn't expect t' make much. Didn't make nothin'. Wuz a goin' to leave, but I had done homesteaded a hundred an' sixty an' the old woman wanted me to stay. Dry winds got my corn, chinch bugs got my wheat—didn't git my seeds back. Wuz too pore to leave an' had to stay another year. Grass-hoppers got the whole dadgum shootin' match—didn't git my seed back an' we rolled out. Wouldn't stay in no goldurn country where I couldn't git my seed back."

"How'd ye git away?" sez I.

"Sucker frum Mizzuri cum along an' I bumped him. Swapped him eighty fur this outfit, an' rolled out."

"What ye do with tother eighty?"

"Oh, the dadgummed fool couldn't read an' we slipped it on him."

"Whar ye headin' fur now," sez I.

"Back to God's country—back to Arkansaw."

"Knowed it," sez I, "knowed it soon ez ye drove up. Wal, so long. Ye'll do all right in a postoak and hickernut country if ye ain't no good fur the perayrie."

Uncle Josh is purty good at sizen folks up. Used to be able to tell whar a feller wuz frum jist by seein' him wash. Feller frum the no'th would wash an' throw the water out an' then git out his own comb. Feller frum Mizzouri would wash, an' leave the water, an' jist run his fingers through his hair. Feller frum Arkansaw would come along an' wash in the same water. How about the feller frum Texas?

Us Texans is too dad gum slick to need washin'—we hold our whiskers back when we spit.

They's allus bin a heap of refugeein' in Texas, runnin's away frum good land an' settlin' on land a durn sight worse. That's what made some folks down here rich—buyin' yer land when they had yer tail in a crack an' sellin' it back fur twice as much, when they made a good crop next year.

As I wuz a sayin', we're fools about what we buy an' how we buy it. We buy a heap uv things what we don't need jist because e kin git 'em on tick. When ye see one uv us ole hayseeds goin' home a singin' like we'd found a gold mine, ye kin jist size it up that we bin a gittin' credit in a new place an' it makes us happy. We never think about pay day.

All we want is plenty uv credit so we kin git two bits worth uv bacon an' four bits worth uv terbacker at any old price they want to charge an' we go home happy. Then when it comes time to pay up an' the store man begins to twist our tail, we git the bellyake and pull a long face an' go round sayin' "times is hard."

Times ain't hard, not yet. Ye kin allus tell when times is shore nuff hard. When ye can't sell jewelry to niggers on tick, then times is hard.

Then we're dadgum fools about sellin' our stuff. When ye go to a store to buy ye jist walk up to the rack and pay jist whatever the store man charges. Then when ye come to sell yer cotton ye come an' take jist what they offer. That is unless cotton is way up on a boom. If it's high, you hold fur a lower price till nobody wants it. If it's low, ye sell right away an' bellyake about it an' cuss the speculators for dadgum thieves.

They air jist the same kind uv thieves that all uv us ought to be. They want to buy ez cheap an' sell ez deer ez they kin—that's what they're here fur. They know by experience that us farmers is purty nigh all dadgum fools an' that we allus put ourselves in sich a position that we jist natcherly got to sell, whuther we want to or not. We allus owe all we make an' the store man gits after us fur his money an' its got to cum. What we hev got to do is to stop this tick bizness an' raise somethin' that will help us to be independent uv cotton. Raise some other crops to keep our grocer bills paid up an' a little money on hand.

An' then, by Sal, if you want a thing ever so bad an' haint got the money to pay fur it, jist leave it be. That's the only way ye will ever git out, is jist to save out an' dig out.

But we won't do it. We're all too big dadgum fools. That is, as I said before, some uv us is. They is exceptions.

We think we know jist about all thet's ever bit writ down in the book, but we don't. Ye can't tell the man frum Mizzouri a dad blamed thing—you have to show him. But when ye show him he knows it fur keeps.

Us Texans have to be showed four or five times, an' then we don't know it.—E. O. Burton, in San Antonio Express.

Does this Fit Your Case?

As a general rule, parents allow their children too much lattitude and throw too little restraint around them. They are allowed to do and say pretty much what they want to while young, and as they grow older the parental advice and counsel, which was denied them at the proper time, falls on deaf ears. A child is like a tender plant. While young it needs to be nourished and tended carefully. Its young mind must be trained and it takes watchful care to bring it up as it should go. The pity of it is too many of us look after the plant more carefully than we do our children. Is it any wonder, then, that they grow up self-willed and petulant, their passions and prejudices abnormally developed and with desires for creature comforts rather than for mental and spiritual excellences? Left to itself, the young sprout grows up ungainly and has a dwarfed appearance. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, and now and then you will find a trim, graceful tree that at once draws the attention. Among the children who have grown up without the pale of parental authority may be found one here and there that has risen above his associates. Possibly it is the touch of a mother's devotion, and he remembers. Children can be trained up to make good and useful citizens, or they can be neglected and made to remain at a dead level all their lives. We are doing them a great injustice when we neglect them. Parents, think over this.—Merkel Mail.

HAD TO MAKE A CHANGE.

We'll Raise Hogs Hereafter Instead of Boll Weevils.

Messrs. W. D. Freeman and L. F. Freeman of Mexia were at the yards yesterday, says Fort Worth Live Stock Reporter, with a load of hogs, that averaged 180 pounds and sold at $5.25. To a representative of this paper they said that Limestone county, in which they live, is a good hog country, but there are not many hogs there now, as the failure of the corn crop for two or three years has driven farmers out of the business. "But we have found out that we don't need corn, or very little of it, to make hogs," said W. D. Freeman. "These hogs that we brought in were run on wheat pasture and bermuda grass until about three weeks before they are marketed, when we began feeding corn. Our farmers can raise any amount of good grass and forage, and goober peas and such stuff, which will grow good hogs. They can be finished with a few bushels of corn or milo maize. We are raising a good deal of milo maize now. It will produce 50 to 100 bushels an acre on our lands. There is good money in hogs at present prices. I will go further and say that we can raise hogs so as to make a profit on 2 1-2 cents a pound.

"We have got to get out of the cotton business. In fact, we are out. The boll weevil drove us out. There are thousand of acres in our county of the best cotton land in Texas that will not have a cotton sack dragged through it this year. You see we are advertising a sale of a thousand head of mules next Friday and Saturday. That was done by the boll weevil. These are good cotton mules, but as we can't raise cotton we don't need the mules, and they are for sale. Of course some of them are bigger than the average cotton mule, but most of them have been used in the cotton fields. Now we are going to give up to King Boll Weevil, and go into other business. Most of us will raise hogs and other stock for the Fort Worth market."

Just Let 'Er Alone; She's Alright.

We have no sympathy with those iconoclasts who want Dixie re-written, and we do not wonder at the storm of protest which went up from the Missouri veterans when the proposition was made at the late reunion that the Daughters of the Confederacy be asked to have new words written to it "that could convert it into a song of dignity, harmonizing with the sentiment it inspires in the breasts of former Confederate soldiers."

What do the old veterans of the South care for the lack of dignity in a song which cheered and delighted them during more than four years, and which was so intimately woven in with the struggle which won the admiration of the world? The old song may not be classical, it may not be dignified, and the words may not be poetry, but it is essentially the song of the Confederacy, and as such is as dear to the hearts and memories of the Confederates as were "the song of Zion" to the banished Jews who wept by the rivers of Babylon.

It may be admitted that the words of Dixie are not poetry, but no more is Yankee Doodle which is hallowed by the usages of more than a century. It is not fine poetry or dignity that endears the old song to the sons of the south, but the associations so indelibly woven into it and with it. It has a sort of electric energy connected with it that yet stirs the blood of the veterans as no other music can, and it will always be so as long as there are any who heard it in camp or field. New words, though written by the finest poet who ever wielded a pen, would not be the song so indelibly graven on the hearts of southerners. It might be classical and dignified and perfect in rhythm and metre, but it would not be the Dixie of the '60's, nor would it be accepted as such by the survivors. It can no more be changed or forgotten than can the old "rebel yell" which was heard on so many glorious battle-fields, and any one who proposes to lay violent hands on it will meet with scant sympathy from the veterans.—Greenville Banner.

Some Punkins.

Wonder why our farmers do not raise more big yellow pumpkins? They make fine feed for stock, and many people (one of whom we are which) like them as a table edible. And everybody knows that "punkin' pie" is one of the finest articles ever put before a hungry man. "The ones like mother used to make," you know. Raise "punkins."—Garland News.

Do not trust too much to luck.